



THE
Insinuating BAWD,
AND THE
Repenting HARLOT.

To which is added,

LOVE.

An ODE *to* a LADY.

By a Marry'd GENTLEMAN.



THE

OF

AND

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OF THE



THE
Repenting HARLOT
TO THE
Insinuating BAWD.

Most Hippocritical Beldam !



*SURE nothing but the vilest
Complication of all Man-
ner of Devilism could have
acted a Judas's Part with
so much Subtilty, for the Lucre of a
few base Pence, as your abominable self,
thou Hodg-Podg of all Wickedness,
in delnding a poor innocent Creature,
by*

iv DEDICATION.

by the Bewitching Sorcery of your Insinuating Tongue, to satisfy the Lust of an Ingrateful Sinner, to her whole Life's Misery.

*I am pleas'd with nothing in this World, but to hear the Venereal Remains of your Juvenile Debauches have sent you packing to the Bath, to there parboil your filthy Carcase, with a vain Hope of repairing your Rotten Limbs which, I believe, the best preserver of Humane Bodies is unable to keep alive from Stinking: Some Cripples, I have heard, have been so perfectly restored to their Healthful Abilities by the Bath, as to leave their Crutches behind 'em; but I question not, if there be any Justice in hot Water towards thee, the most Infamous of Sinners, if you leave any thing behind you, 'twill be your Nose, or your Shin-Bones, in order
to*

DEDICATION.

to Punish you for those Ills which you have not been contented to Practice yourself, but to draw Innocence into.

The Suffering and Sorrows I now labour under, are all owing to your confounded Ladship; and your Extasies of Joy, with a Pox to them (for so I have found them) have struck up such an unextinguishable Fire in my most Pleasurable Appartment, that I fear its past the Power of Tunbridge-Waters, Aqua-Tetrachimagon, or the Pick-a-dilly Engineer, to stop the Flames from consuming the whole miserable Tenement.

My Sinful Life, which was owing to yourself, has brought me Early under Affliction; and that Affliction, I thank Providence, to en Early Repentance: But, if I cannot become a sincere Penitent without forgiving you,
my

vi DEDICATION.

my Unpardonable Enemy, who first seduc'd me into a State of Corruption, I shall certainly hazard my Salvation upon a Breach of that Part of Christianity, and Dye with as much Malice towards thee, the Betrayer of my Innocence, as ever did poor Jacobite Plotter, bear to a Confederate, who first drew him into the Design, and afterwards, to save his own Life, Hang'd him upon his Evidence.

Under a serious Reflection on my Miserable Condition at Tunbridge, I Writ the following POEM, which I have dedicated to your Sinful self, to Remind you of your past Wickedness; and to Caution Young Ignorant Creatures, how they are Deluded by such Insinuating Beldams, such Kidnappers of Virginity, into the like Unhappiness: So wishing you may Dye in a Ditch, and Rot like a Dead Horse,

DEDICATION. vii

*Horse, that the Boys may make Cat-
sticks of your Leg-bones: and Railers
of your Ribs, to play at Trap-Ball
with in the Whitfun Holy-Days;*

I remain,

a Miserable Wretch,

and your Bitter Enemy,

'till Death,

D. B.

THE

DEDICATION

Wishes that the boys may have
pleasure of your dog bones and
of your ribs to play at
with in the winter Holy Days

I remain

a faithful friend

and your friend

W. B. Davis

O. B.

THE



T H E
 Insinuating B A W D,
 A N D T H E
 Repenting H A R L O T.



A P P Y was I, before I knew to
 sin,

All charms without, all innocence
 within:

No hateful envy my content with-
 stood;

All things was grateful, whilst myself was good,
 Unfully'd pleasures in my bosom dwelt,

My peaceful soul no headstrong passion felt:

No shame pursu'd, or did my mind affright;

But ev'ry hour administred delight:

Blest as th' aspiring Angels e'er they fell;

The World seem'd Heaven, for I knew no Hell:

No pride nor lust my Virgin brightness stain'd,

Or vicious thoughts my vertuous will prophan'd:

My

My looks and actions artless did appear,
 Tho' each oblig'd, yet both unstudy'd were;
 Without design, all innocent and free,
 I knew no sin, and could no curse fore-see.
 My beauty and deportment were approv'd;
 By the old applauded, by the young belov'd.
 Thus my youth, by virtu's charms inspir'd,
 By all respected, and by most admir'd.
 Proud was the Man, and blest the happy he,
 That could obtain one minutes company;
 Which then to the false sex I could impart,
 And feel no feaverish throbbing in my heart:
 Talk of chaste love, and raise no ill desire,
 Toy, without kindling up a lustful fire;
 Could wander without fear from field to grove,
 And think of nothing but the name of love:
 Yet found, my sweeter innocence supply'd
 The want of joys my tender years deny'd.
 Thus I remain'd from sinful sorrows free,
 No saint on earth could sure more happy be;
 'Till I the term of sixteen years had been,
 A faithful subject to bright virtue's queen:
 And then my own base sex seduc'd me first to
 sin.

One who, by long experience, knew the way
 To raise desires would tender youth betray,
 And make the giddy maid, with eager haste,
 Pursue those pleasures 'tis a crime to taste.
 The insinuating temptress thus began
 To bribe my ears, and bend my thoughts t'wards
 man.

“MADAM,

“MADAM, since Heaven so largely has bestow'd

On you those blessings but to few allow'd,
And now your charms in nature's laws untaught,
Are by ripe years to full perfection brought;
'Tis to the donor sure a great abuse,
When grown mature, to keep 'em back from use:

By our grave guides, how often are we told
How much the miser sins that hoards his gold?
If you those charms from their true use conceal,
You're doubtless guilty of as great an ill.
Beauty, like money's made to be employ'd;
And not by age to molter un-enjoy'd:
For if it were, where would the difference be
Betwixt the fairest and the homliest she;
The soft young damsel, with her magick eyes,
And all the charms dame nature can devise,
If she but tempts, to what must be deny'd,
Imprisons beauty by a senseless pride,
The dowdy's far more blest that freely is enjoy'd.
For niggards, tho' possess'd with useless store,
Thro' wilful wants, lives poorer than the poor.
Consider, child, what pitty it would be,
That fruit, like yours, shou'd wither on the tree:
Those ruby cheeks, that look so fresh and gay,
Will, in short time, if not enjoy'd, decay.
That warm complexion that preserves the grace
Of each soft feature in your lovely face,
Will sickly grow, and fade in spite of art,
Lest the blind God soon bleeds you with his dart.
See how *Lucinda's* charms at once are gone,
Whose Eyes of late with so much lustre shone,

And

And all the roses that her cheeks adorn'd,
 Are into yellow fading tulips turn'd.
 Her limbs, that with such air and freedom mov'd,
 Are lazy grown, unfit to be belov'd:
 Her deprav'd stomach does for nothing call,
 But cinders, oat-meal, bacco-pipes and wall:
 Her blood's corrupted, and her breath's grown
 short,

And all for want of love's salubrious sport:
 Therefore, dear madam, don't repent too late,
 That you are fall'n beneath *Lucinda's* fate;
 But use the happy means that may prevent
 Those ills, occasion'd by severe restraint:
 Such knowledge you will find, such pleasure take
 In the first sweet experiment you make,
 You'll own each blissful moment you employ,
 Is worth an age exempted from the joy.
 Your soul will find an extasie so great,
 What now you fear, you'll study to repeat.
 The unexperienc'd nymph that's chaste and fair,
 Does but the Fetters of blind ign'rance wear.
 Whilst she that's wise, dissolves the feeble chain,
 By vent'ring once to loose what's kept in pain.
 When I first took the counsel that I give,
 Such pleasing knowledge did my soul revive,
 I'd rather feast and dye, than not to taste and
 live."

MADAM, said I, I know not what you mean,
 Something methinks I want, but fear to sin;
 You talk of joys to such a blest degree,
 What's sure so pleasant, cannot sinful be;
 And yet, methinks, who'd Heavens laws controul?
 Was it not pleasure that beguil'd the soul?

Barely

Barely the hopes, not certainty of joy,
Did *Eve*, amidst her innocence, decoy;
'Twas not the fruit, but what the tempter said,
That her weak nature to his will betray'd.
If talk of pleasures will the mind subdue,
What then must joys in full fruition do?
The very words are pleasant you impart,
And make a welcome fever in my heart.
My soul divided, struggles hard within,
Betwixt the hopes of joy, and fear of sin:
A warm desire thro' ev'ry fibre glides;
Something I want, which something else forbids.
What 'tis you've made me covet to possess,
Dear madam, tell me! for I cannot guess?
With looks disorder'd I approach'd more nigh,
And eagerly attended her reply.
Finding her words had some impression made,
She took me by the hand and thus she said:

Madam, the joys your full-blown years require,
Are just to act, and nat'ral to desire:
'Tis the sweet game that all mankind pursue,
The, prince, the peasant, priest, and poet too:
't sweetens life in every degree,
Makes crowns set easie, and the pen run free.
It is the virgins hope, the wives delight;
The business of the day, the bliss of night.
It begets friendship, puts an end to strife;
Is the best warmth that gives the world new life.
Such are the joys you now are ripe to prove,
I th' sweet embraces of the man you love;
Hugg'd in his arms, if pliable and kind;
There, there, the happy secret you will find.

But

But men, *said I*, I've heard my mother say,
 Is false, and cannot love above a day;
 Will swear ten thousand lies to be believ'd,
 And fawn and flatter till he has deceiv'd,
 But when h' has gain'd his end, inclin'd to rove,
 Slights what he vow'd he could for ages love;
 And leaves the sighing wretch he has betray'd,
 To drown in tears the false kind things he said.
 How then can I such happiness obtain
 I'rom faithless man, so fickle, and so vain?
 Methinks, I only could the youth approve,
 That could, like me, for ever ever love:
 Conform to th' sacred tie, make me his wife,
 And bind himself to love me for his life:
 In such a man I'm sure I could delight,
 Please him all day, and hug him close all night.

Dear child (*says*) *sh*eyou much, alas! mistake,
 Those bonds are tiresome which we cannot break,
 Fear, jealousy, and doubt, destroy the bliss,
 The pleasure's lost when chains have made you his,
 Our sex too often has confest in tears,
Cupid withdraws, when once the Priest appears:
 Marriage and love, we by experience find,
 Differ like freedom, and restraint, in kind;
 And if they mix, 'tis with much pains and toil,
 As skilful cooks mix vinegar with oyl.
 Therefore in love, if you would happy be,
 Keep, whilst you're youthful, unconfin'd and free;
 And if your weary confident should range,
 The bonds are void, and you yourself may change:
 Your love, whenever your gallant has err'd,
 May to another justly be transfer'd:

But

But if in wedlock's fetters you are bound.
For wrongs you suffer, no relief is found;
Sights and neglects, nay blows, perhaps endure;
And bear with patience what revenge should cure:
Husbands maintain an arbitrary sway,
Whilst the poor wife must suffer and obey;
And like a kingdom into slav'ry drawn,
Thro' fear, not love, upon her tyrant fawn.
Thus must you study (tho' oppress'd) to please,
All other means are worse than the disease.
Marriage, as us'd, is but a womans yoke,
A knot for life, too stubborn to be broke:
A prison; which if once you're into't cast,
Makes the sweet fruit but nauseous to the taste.
Therefore the freedom you enjoy; maintain;
Liberty lost is difficult to regain;
Whilst single, you may many hearts subdue,
Discharge the faithless, and oblige the true,
If tir'd with old ones, change 'em for a new.
But if you're marry'd you're at once undone,
And made a despicable slave to one:
Your actions all are watch'd by many eyes,
Your very servants that attend are spies;
And each chance folly, tho' you mean no hurt,
Is made suspicious by their false report.
But in the state of freedom you're at ease,
At leisure, may yourself, or others please,
Fear no reproof, be under no command,
List who you please, and who you please disband:
Gain with your smiles fresh conquests ev'ry hour;
Heroes themselves will yield to beauty's pleasing
power.

Nature being head-strong, and my virtue weak,
 Methoughts I could for ever hear her speak.
 I, fond of joy, pleas'd with what she said,
 Too soon believing, was too soon misled.
 Virtue, 'tis true, some opposition gave,
 But rebel nature would the conquest have,
 And ev'ry vein, with willing warmth inspir'd,
 To play its part in what the whole desir'd.
 B'ing ripe and eager now to be undone,
 I to my temptress, thus again begun.

MADAM (*said I*) but where's s the man so just,
 With whom a virgin may her honour trust?
 Of all the sex, I most admire a beau,
 But fear he'll boast the favours I bestow;
 Yet to a beau, I could my heart resign,
 He looks so prim, so pretty, and so fine;
 Is so obliging, complaisant and free;
 Dances, and hums about so prettily,
 What would I give, or what but I would do,
 Could I so dear a creature but subdue?
 Oh how I'd love him, his esteem to gain;
 Methinks a beau is a delicious man.
 The cunning dame, who now my pulse had felt,
 To raise desire, these pleasing measures dealt.

MADAM, the prettiest gentleman I know
 You ever saw, or all the world can show;
 Whose comely stature, and engaging mien,
 Would tempt a princess, nay a saint to sin:
 So brisk and youthful, vigorous and gay,
 So curteous and obliging every way:

Earth

Earth cannot lure produce a maid that can
 Resist the charms of so compleat a man :
 H^e has seen you twice, I've heard him since oft say
 One time at church, another at a play :
 And vows you are the sweetest pretty rogue,
 That mortal man would e'er desire to hug ;
 Swears he would doat upon your lovely face,
 And gaze all day upon each charming grace :
 Your eyes have prick'd his breast with such a dart,
 He'd give ten thousand worlds to gain your heart.
 When I've but nam'd you, he has seem'd so glad,
 T'wards you such kind and pretty things has said,
 Sigh'd, stretch'd, and vow'd he always could adore,
 And still enjoy, yet still love more and more :
 Had you been by, you could have done no less,
 Than yielded what he covets to possess :
 Against such force no virtue could maintain
 Its ground ; Oh, he's a wondrous pretty man.

This false suggestion set me all on fire,
 And turn'd my fears into a fond desire :
 Her verbal witchcraft did my heart subdue,
 And made me languish for I knew not who.

MADAM, *said I*, but when shall I obtain
 A sight of this sweet miracle, a man ?
 And do you think he loves me ? Yes, *said she*.
 Oh then, thought I, how happy shall I be ?
 Handsome, obliging, young, not given to rove !
 Such a dear man I could for ever love :
 O let me see him, and the youth shall find
 If he'll be true, I'll study to be kind.

When the dame found she my consent had won,
 And I was thus inclin'd to be undone;
 Put on your hat and cloak, dear child, *says she*,
 I'll make you happy, come along with me:
 And you shall see, e'er a few hours be past,
 The lovely tree, and its sweet fruit shall taste:
 Do you, but like the charming youth, be kind,
 And you this night a blissful heaven shall find;
 Your soul shall surfeit with delights unknown,
 And sum up all the joys on earth in one.

Like our first mother, I was loth to miss
 What false report had render'd such a bliss:
 But with my best attire, my charms improv'd,
 Fed with vain hopes of being the more belov'd:
 Wash, powder, patches, all th' alluring arts,
 Practis'd by ladies to ensnare mens hearts,
 Thus did I labour (curse upon the day)
 To tempt that breast wherein the serpent lay:
 Wretch that I am, was hasty to destroy
 My whole lifes comfort for a moments joy.
 So insects fly by flames which they should shun,
 And fond of lights, are by the fire undone;
 When drest, some checks within my soul I found,
 But flowing vice the guardian angel drown'd:
 A storm of lust had so enrag'd my blood,
 Alas! I could not listen to my good.
 When thus equip'd, we made our next approach
 To the street-door, and beckon'd to a coach.
 My base conductress did directions give,
 And bid the churl to th' inner-temple drive:
 Where liv'd my unknown love, so gay and fine,
 Before made privy to the curs'd design:

When

When thus corrupted with the first delight,
 He then persuaded me to stay all night.
 I yielded, but the false seducing dame,
 Regardless of her treach'rous word, ne'er came;
 At first he prov'd all love, I too was kind,
 Expected still more joys than I could find:
 But when few hours were spent, he turn'd his back,
 And grew, methoughts, cold, negligent, and slack:
 I call'd him dear, but could not make him speak;
 I hugg'd him, tugg'd him, but he would not wake.
 I th' morning early, by the break of day,
 He roughly told me, that I must not stay;
 I much asham'd, arose, and weeping went my
 way.

I vex'd, and angry to be thus misus'd,
 Tho' as I found, I'd been by both abus'd:
 Discovering, when too late, the jilting dame
 Sold me to quench the lecher's lustful flame:
 And went with *Judas* pence, she'd basely gain'd,
 To th' *Bath*, to have her rotten corps new clean'd;
 There flew her crazy limbs, with a vain thought
 Of curing pains her youthful sins begot.

When enter'd thus, I th' tempting vice pursu'd,
 And from my first corruption grew more lewd.
 Till by promiscuous use, I found i' th' end,
 The sowrest pains the sweetest sins attend.
 Such poisonous ulcers did my crimes ensue,
 I nauseous to myself and others grew.
 Thus were my pleasures punish'd with a curse,
 No leprosie of *Job* could sure be worse:
 My blood did into loathsome issues melt,
 The parts that sin'd the most, most torment felt.

Beneath

Beneath these miseries, I to *Tunbridge* went,
Backward to dye, but willing to repent :
In hopes the cooling waters would have eas'd,
Or quench'd those fires my stubborn lust had rais'd.
But when I found the wells yield no relief,
My hopes were turn'd into despair and grief.
I then reflecting on my wretched state,
In tears did with myself thus ruminate :
Alas what am I ! Whither am I stray'd ?
By lust and pride from virtue's paths miss'd.
What shameful shadows of my guilt draw near ?
How black and monstrous do my ills appear ?
My thoughts, like ghastly fiends, my soul affright,
And threaten her with sad destruction's night :
How pale and yellow these poor cheeks are grown,
Which once look'd fresh as roses newly blown ?
How lank my breasts, how nauseous is my breath ?
O where's my only kind physician, Death ?
How happy was I once, when I was free
From sinful thought, from shame and misery ?
When ev'ry eye my spotless charms admir'd,
Enjoying all my virtuous life requir'd ?
Where all the Flatt'ers that my love pursu'd,
And would have given whole worlds to do me
good ?

Alas too late, to my sad grief I find,
'Twas innocence alone made all things kind :
Sweet innocence, that can itself defend,
And make ill-natur'd envy prove its friend :
Bright innocence, thou blest and charming dove,
Whom every mortal must admire and love :
When thee I lost, my guardian angel fled,
And ever since, I've been unhappy made.

Lust,

Lust, in thy absence, got the upper-hand,
 And made me servile to its base command:
 O that I'd been but some poor Barge-man's wife,
 To've lugg'd and tugg'd at the great oar for life!
 Or what is worse, had been a Botcher's spouse,
 To've mended knitty coats, and stinking hose;
 For one day's living, to have two days starv'd,
 So that my health and virtue I'd preserv'd:
 I'd been more happy than the fairest she,
 That lives and trades in lustful liberty.
 Curse on the female tongue that drew me in,
 And for base lucre taught me first to sin:
 May her nose fall, her reins and shin-bones rot,
 And begging, without pitty, be her lot.
 May her vile womb incessant fury have,
 And her limbs drop by piece-meal to the grave:
 And may that man, that brib'd her to seduce
 Me, wretched creature, to his beastly use,
 Be doom'd the only stalion to her lust,
 Till Pox and Age dry both into a crust.

Ladies beware, let miserable me,
 The sad example of a Harlot be:
 Let no loose women tempt you to the hook,
 With which themselves unwarily were took;
 For if you're once betray'd, you'll surely find,
 You're curs'd from the first moment you are kind.

F I N I S.



LOVE.

An ODE to a LADY.

By a Marry'd GENTLEMAN,

*Who was deeply in Love with another
Gentleman's Wife.*

I.



LOVE! thou most noble Passion of
the Mind,
In whose soft Pleasure do we taste,
Blessings of such a heavenly kind,
In full by none but Gods possess.
We paint thee Blind, but thou canst see,
The Plagues that wait upon restraint,
And valu'd that dear Liberty
A matrimonial State will always want.

Wedlock

II.

We'll lock is int'rest and design ;
 But Love, so sacred and divine,
 No Union can without it be :
 Parents consent may join our Lands,
 The mercenary Priest our Hands,
 But still our Hearts are free.
 For Love is of a nobler kind,
 And needs no Nuptial Vows to bind,
 But is by Choice, not Chains, confin'd
 From false and faithless Liberty.

III.

My Dear *Laurana*, tell me why
 By me thou should'st not be enjoy'd?
 You'll say you're marry'd, so am I,
 But that dull Argument's destroy'd;
 For want of Love dissolves the tie,
 And makes the Obligation void.

IV.

The Matches which are made above,
 Cemented are by mutual Love;
 From whence we truly know,
 Such Marriages as yours and mine,
 Were worldly Acts, and not Divine;
 To propagate our Int'rest here below;

V.

And since our Souls in love united are,
 Let Joy and Constancy be all our Care,
 And we shall Happy be for Life,
 Husband! forget that odious Name,
 And Curse the Priest that gave the same:
 I'll do the like by Wife.

F I N I S.

